SECRET

DECLASSIFIED

March 7, 1962 - Wednesday

The Bulgarian Minister, Radenko Grigorov, called on me this morning. He speaks little, if no English, and brought an interpreter with him. After serving in the Foreign Ministry, he was Minister to North Korea from 1954 to 1957. He was named Ambassador to Iraq in 1958, and was transferred to Poland in the same capacity in January, 1961. He has been here a short time. The conversation through the interpreter was somewhat stilted. I complimented his country on its excellent yoghurt, and other sour milk products. When he questioned me, I was ashamed to confess I had not been in Bulgaria since 1919, but still retain the impression of the Valley of the Roses offering the most beautiful floral display on earth.

I gave a return lunch in the Embassy dining room today for the members of the Guinea Club. The guests were:

Arthur Butler, Reynold's News
Barney Keelan, Eastern Daily Press
H. E. Boy ne, Daily Telegraph
Geoffrey Morley, The Time s
Hugh Pilcher, Daily Heraod
Justin Long, The Financial Times
William Greig, Daily Mirror
Conrad Voss-Bark, BBC
Donald Cullimore, Birmingham Mail
Hugh McMichael, The Scotsman
Guy Eden, Daily Sketch
David Rosser, Western Mail
Wilfred Sendall, SundayExpress
Francis Boyd, The Guardian
J.E.D. Hall, Westminster Press
James Margach, Sunday Times
Leslie Way, Western Morning News
Peter Midforth, Birmingham Post
Walter Terry, Daily Mail

REC 6-17-81

Morris Rukeyser, a newspaper man, came in to see me with his son, Louis, who represents the Baltimore Sun here. Louis was married last week to a girl who lives on the Isle of Man. I told him of my misadventures in attempting to get there.

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Dear Sir:

I am very interested to know if you can put me in touch with an American "pen-pal" who is serving in England and who I could meet. I would like to know an officer who would appreciate my birth and breeding, for my family is an ancient landed country one, and the title (Earl of Rochford) being extinct in the 18th century. I am unduly interested in the U.S.A. because my ancestor was the famous Princess Pocahontas, from Virginia, who married my ancestor John Rolfe, of Heacham Hall, in Norfolk. I am descended from them. I am just 30, and would like to correspondentd or meet an officer at one of the U.S.A. air bases, aged about 40, as I like men older than myself. I wonder if Wethersfield Air Base in Essex is the nearest one to me. I live with my widowed mother, and have no brothers or sisters.

Also, I believe you hold an annual ball on Independence Day in July in London, so I would gladly offer to come and sell programmes at it, if you could find for me an American partner who would like to know me. I have been presented at Court, etc.

I do hope you can find somebody with whom I can enjoy my Pocahontas relations.

Yours sincerely

Miss Pamela Ruck

REW 2-17-81

PA or FOI EXEMPTIONS

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in American-Chilean relations. We could discover no quick remedy for this situation, but otherwise had an enjoyable conversation.

E and I drove out with Stash to meet Jackie Kennedy and her sister, Lee, at the Airport. They arrived tonight on a plane from Pakistan, at the end of a 12 or 13-hour trip. I thought they looked amazingly healthy and relatively untired as they came down the ramp. There were numbers of photographers to snap the descent. Mrs. Kennedy is here unofficially, but her sister's house in Buckingham Place was being watched over by a large number of British policemen and American Secret Service representatives. E and I followed their car, and went in the house for a drink. The two young women were in high spirits and amusing about some of their adventures in India and Pakistan.

When we got home, we found Joan Braden had arrived. She has been representing the Saturday Evening Post on this tour, and was in the tourist class with some 40 other American newspaper and camera representatives. She, always a welcome guest, is staying with us.

NEW 6-17-81

March 27, 1962 - Tuesday

Today, after dealing with such matters as whether or not Mrs. Kennedy should curtsey to the Queen (she should not, whether here officially or unofficially, as in her capacity, she is the wife of a Chief of State), I went to the monthly meeting of the Latin American Ambassadors, held this time at the Costa Rican Embassy, 105 Barkston Gardens. We all laughed almost steadily for an hour. They are the gayest group in London. The conversation turned and twisted on the topic of whether or not there should be an agenda for these meetings. It was decided to continue them, as in the past, on a purely social basis.

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